

A LITTLE JOURNEY.

Nothing can be more delightful during the autumnal weather than an excursion into the country. To one who has been confined to office work a short jaunt out there is both health-giving and brain-clearing. This is the season when the maple blushes most profusely, and squashes and pumpkins are biggest and best. Now can be heard the clatter of the apple-packer, and the occasional crash of a falling limb as some too venturesome boy reaches out for what appears to him to be a "daisy." The distance between Toronto and Whitby is only thirty miles, but even this distance is enough to give a city person the feeling that he is pretty far away. On the rear platform of an east-bound train one day last week stood a couple of young men. They were, presumably, there for the purpose of viewing the city and surroundings as seen from the Scarboro' heights. There was no mistake about their being in the best place for sight-seeing, for as the train sped up the steep grade one could view the Island in its entirety and the city as well.

If you take your eyes off the Island and the smoky city, and look at the trees, the ferns, the unploughed fields, and all the lovely objects around, they will become rested. One of the young men said something like this to the other at this point, adding that "if all around us could be placed in a painting, true to nature, it would not be appreciated by those who had not seen the original. Some one would be sure to say it was too highly colored, and so on." The other young man didn't say anything for a minute, until a shower of cinders came crackling from over and around the end of the car. Then he remarked, a little gruffly: "Wish we'd taken the smoker." His gruffness had a cause. After the train had left the city those two young men had entered the front end of the smoker and walked through the entire train to the rear platform, ostensibly looking for a seat, but really to see who was on. When the rear platform was reached, it was agreed that they should stay there until the first stop was made, else people would think they hadn't travelled much, and were promenading that they should be seen. No stops were made, however, till Port Union was reached, when a scramble resulted in more comfortable quarters in the smoker.

Country town busses, gravel roads, etc., somehow manage to shake you just so that a big dinner is needed. In this case it was a county town bus, and it was just as good nevertheless. Whitby is blessed with several good things. They have an apple packing industry in that town that is just now extremely busy. They have King Bros.' tannery, which employs 40 hands, and which is constantly keeping the road between the tannery and the station warm because of shipments. They have a good class of merchants, the ladies' college, an agricultural implement company, and they are further blessed with a good neighbor in Oshawa. There is a straight road between the two places, which are four miles apart, and along this road one has a chance of knowing or forming an idea of the value of farming land thereabouts. The orchards bear evidence of a light crop. The trafficking done over the road brought to mind the subject of electric railways, but mentioning the matter shortly after to some Oshawa merchants, they seemed to scout the idea, because they all said it would be of no advantage to any one. Yet, as the Hamilton colored prophet said, "The world do move." The town is in a fine district. Whether for agricultural prosperity or mere landscape beauty, the county of Ontario is not easily surpassed.

The town of Oshawa is the more fortunate of the two places in the matter of manufactures and extent of population. They have the Malleable Iron Works, a couple of good shoe manufacturing, a large tannery, and mills, both woolen and flour. The Williams' Piano Works are no small affair, for they have floor space to the extent of 7½ acres. A pipe organ, which will grace the new Grace Methodist Church in Winnipeg, is being packed and shipped. It took over three weeks to put this organ together after all the parts had been made, and it will cost \$8,000. Besides these things, Oshawa has live business men. There are other things as well that attract a stranger's attention. One of these is the well-arranged store windows and stores. These look well, too, at night, for nearly every merchant down there uses the incandescent light in his premises. Little or no farm produce is shipped from Oshawa, because through her having so many industries all the

produce of near-by farms can be used in the town. Milk, of course, is an exception. A great deal of this is sent to Toronto each morning; this, from the fact that fairly good prices are obtained, and accounts are paid monthly. Thus the existence of cheese factories in that vicinity is unknown.

MR. HINE AND THE HEBREWS.

We have on our desk this week two essays on Jews—one a pamphlet on "Hebrew Influence upon Civilization," written by Mr. John T. Ashley, of 446 Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn; the other Mr. C. C. Hine's paper on "The Jew in Fire Insurance." Mr. Ashley is a kind-hearted old gentleman who has written his little book "to do an act of justice to a people who, in an important matter, have been too much neglected." The author's view of the important matter alluded to is concisely expressed in the title of his pamphlet. Ordinary history, he thinks, is strangely silent as regards the influence of the Hebrew race in numerous ways in the world's civilization. Mr. Hine deals with the Jew as a customer of fire insurance companies; that is, he confines himself wholly to the fire history of the Jews as it has been written, in very modern times, on the books of New York city officials, who keep records of the names of persons who have fires in this town. Mr. Hine will probably read Mr. Ashley's book with interest and approval, for the veteran editor of the *Insurance Monitor* is not a Jew-hater, but, for the moment, a statistician who is convinced by the inexorable logic of figures that Jews, through misfortune or intent, ask fire insurance companies to pay a great many "losses." What Mr. Ashley would think of Mr. Hine's conclusions is doubtful. He does not look at Jews as individuals, but as the possessors of a philosophy and a literature that have exerted "an influence beyond estimate." If Mr. Hine says the Jews cause the fire bells in American cities to ring too often, Mr. Ashley will answer that "even the bell that rang out American liberty and brought hope to the nations was made vocal by the words it bears of the Hebrew jubilee: 'Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.'" Fire underwriters, we think, will find Mr. Hine's compilation very interesting, and so will the Hebrews. In justice to his race some Hebrew statistician should go over the ground that Mr. Hine has covered and find the flaws, if any, in the latter's statistics and deductions.—*N.Y. Chronicle.*

KINGSVILLE'S INDUSTRIES.

Kingsville has two prosperous industries of which it is justly proud, and which are suitable to the fruit-growing capacity of this country [a fruit cannery and an evaporating works.] Our climatic conditions and our location is such that our farmers should leave grain growing to other less favorably situated parts of Canada, and devote their soil and energies to the more remunerative work of fruit and vegetable raising and dairying. The establishment of evaporating, canning, cheese and butter factories is the means by which such a desirable state of things will be brought about.

A visit to the evaporating factory at Kingsville showed it to be in full blast, with a large supply of apples on hand. Mr. Delong, the manager, says the factory is one of six now operated by this company, one each at Belleville, Norwich, Ayton, two in Prince Edward county, and a branch in Michigan.

The factory at Kingsville has a capacity of 600 bushels a day and is now running full time. There are fourteen hand parers and forty hands employed, mostly girls. It requires three hands to each machine to do the paring and trimming. The slicing is also done by the machines. From the paring machine the sliced apples are taken to the bleacher, where with the sulphur fumes they are bleached white. From here they go upstairs to the dryers, three in number, each with capacity of 100 bushels. They are placed in the dryers by moving drawers, and they require five hours for the process. They are then thrown into bins ready to be placed into boxes for shipment.

Germany is the great market for this fruit. So far very little is shipped to the North-west. At present the factory is paying 30 cents per 100 lbs. for apples; everything over two inches in diameter are taken. At the time of the writer's visit over 3,000 bushels were on board. Mr. Delong says a cider mill will shortly be added

and also machines for making apple jelly. At present the company have nine tons of evaporated apples on hand ready for shipment. During the week the company paid out for wages and fruit the sum of \$1,000.

The other important industry is the canning factory. The factory is now running full time and with a full complement of hands. At present 17 tons of tomatoes and 400 bushels of corn in the ear are used daily, and over 40 hands find employment. Ten tons of peaches were purchased last week to be canned. In one week \$1,200 was paid out for labor and produce. Some of the girls in the tomato department make as high as \$1 50 per day, and the boys in the corn about the same. The output of the factory is 16,000 cans per day. It shipped on Monday of last week a car load of corn and tomatoes to Toronto. After corn and tomatoes are done, apples will be canned.

The peach crop on Pelee Island, which has been a good one this year, is about all bargained for. Quite a lot was shipped by boat to Amherstburg and Windsor, while the Kingsville Canning Company also got a large quantity. Jerry Srigley sold 250 bushels to the latter. Green & Co. have received the contract to make the boxes for the Evaporating Company next year. At present they have a contract for 25,000 boxes for the Canning Company.—*Amherstburg Leader.*

WHAT THE FARMERS REALLY SUFFER FROM.

The distress of the farmer has been described over and over again in so many ways that a strong opinion has grown up that the tiller of the soil has been left far behind in the struggle for comfort and competence. Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, takes occasion, in the June number of the *Forum*, to show that this is a fallacy. Seventy per cent. of the farms in the United States are unincumbered by any indebtedness; their owners are still the home-builders and home-lovers of the land, as this class has always been; and Mr. Morton points out how, as in preceding generations, nearly all of our Presidents were called from their farms to executive duties, and consequently the farmers represented the better elements of our life—so, now also, the farmer is the most independent and prosperous of all the large classes of our people. He explains the growth of the story of their distress by showing that a few farmers have left their furrows to follow the false prophets of politics. It is the political farmer, who is really a politician and not a farmer at all, that has done all this evil. Mr. Morton goes over the whole ground to show the relative importance and independence of the agricultural class, and their influence on the community at every stage of our history.

HIS DOUBT DISPELLED.

One afternoon Mr. B.'s Irish man-of-all-work came to him and requested to have the evening off to go to a wedding. The request was granted and nothing more was seen of Thomas until the next morning, when he appeared in a decidedly used-up condition. One eye was black, his nose jammed in and strips of court plaster adorned his face in every conceivable direction.

"For heaven's sake, Thomas?" exclaimed Mr. B., upon catching sight of him, "what have you been up to? I thought I gave you permission to go to a wedding."

"And so youse did, sor."

"Well, did you go?"

"Shure I wint, and when I got to the house I found a felley sitting in the parlor. He was dressed up in foine shape, wid a long-tailed coat and a white necktie. Sez I to him: 'And who may yez be?' Sez he to me: 'Can't yez see, yer Irish mick,' sez he, 'I'm the best man.' And he waz, sor."—*Brooklyn Life.*

—During the past twelve months, according to a recent report of the engineer, 4,407,150 tons of sand have been removed from the Queen's channel at the mouth of the Mersey, making a total of 6,845,860 tons since operations were begun. The depth of water in a buoyed channel 1,000 feet wide is not less than 20 feet in any part at extreme low water, and outside the buoys it is 19 feet on one side and 15 on the other. The great dredger which is employed can be used in rough weather. In 24 hours it took up 39,000 tons of sand, and in a week of five and a half days 183,000 tons.